

# CHRISTMAS ADVOCATE 1934







# THE ADVOCATE



DECEMBER

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Published by Students of  
THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
Needham, Massachusetts







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# The Advocate

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The Needham



High School

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## Contents

CONTENTS PAGE . . . . .	2
THE STAFF . . . . .	3
STAFF PICTURE . . . . .	4
EDITORIALS . . . . .	5
LITERARY . . . . .	7
EAVESDROPPER . . . . .	27
CARTOONS . . . . .	28
SENIOR PLAY CAST . . . . .	30
ALUMNI . . . . .	35
SPORTS . . . . .	37
FOOTBALL SQUAD . . . . .	38
GIRL'S HOCKEY SQUAD . . . . .	42
CHEER LEADERS' PICTURE . . . . .	44
HUMOR . . . . .	45
ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	48



# Editorials

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

*Ann Winter, '35*

At this season everybody is thinking about making his New Year's resolutions, but why? Isn't it a waste of time and effort, since hardly any of the resolutions are kept? People make them just because it is the custom and everyone must be conventional.

But for those of you who really desire to profit by your intentions, we suggest that you leave the old order and start a new custom. Consider each New Year's Day as a general stocktaking time, and the first of each month call a "New Month's Day." On New Year's Day hold your annual housecleaning, and list twelve ways in which you desire to improve during the coming year, and on each "New Month Day" resolve to carry out one of these decisions.

All this, we know, sounds a bit radical, but it is designed to do away with the old uselessness of New Year's Resolutions, and should be studied only by those who take life seriously. But whether you approve of our program or not, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## SKI HEIL!

*Jane Thompson, '36*

IT is unfortunate, with every facility at hand, that the youth of New England is far behind the boys and girls of its own age in Central Europe when it comes to getting the maximum enjoyment out of one of the most exhilarating of winter sports. In the smart winter resorts and in the smallest hamlets, skiing is the pastime of the entire population in countries where the climate and terrain are practically the same as ours. Curiously, the sport is for those who take

part in it and not for a gallery. This may account for its lack of recognition in this country where sport has sunk to the level of thousands witnessing and joining in the cheering instead of competing and joining in the fray.

No precipitous mountain side is needed. The slope in front of our own high school is a perfect practice hill and under certain snow conditions can test the daring and resourcefulness of an experienced runner.

Skiing is unquestionably in the class of high speed sports—airplane racing, automobile racing, and the steeple chase—but it can be mastered with a short period of instruction.

After that, one knows what it is to hear the friendly shout of fellow runners, the swish of the skis on the surface of the snow, to see the world flash by through a blur of frozen powder, to discover the sweetness of water for the first time at the end of a parching run.

Let's carry on our "Physical Ed" out-of-doors in all seasons. Go in for ski clothes instead of cotton batting. Why not be the first in making this sport a part of our high school life? Who knows? You may be Olympic Team Material! Come into the snow and find out.

## A FUND FOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

*Donna Hadsell, '35*

THE purpose of our Assembly Programs is to provide us with constructive entertainment. We need to get away from our textbooks for awhile and become acquainted with what others, more experienced and far-sighted than we, have done and are doing to make this world in which we live better and more interesting. Thus we traveled mentally with the speaker from Australia to his own country



and learned more about its customs and scenery. We lived for a while with Mr. Hines in the realm of art and came back to our routine round of studies, inspired and refreshed. Mr. Thoulin, with his Theramin, lifted us into the atmosphere of mystery and music. More such programs are in store for us, but they cost money, and it is up to us to consider some way of financing Assembly Programs.

So far, we have managed by subscription and money left over from other funds. But there should be a special fund set aside for this purpose. Can you give suggestions for ways of establishing this fund?

#### ALMA MATER

*Andrew G. Rosenberger, '36*

Appropriately situated on the summit of the highest hill in town stands the Needham High School. We are sincerely proud of our school not only because of its majestic beauty and dignity, but because of its status. It has been classified as a "Class A" institution by the Massachusetts State Department of Education because of the thorough preparation for college, the practical training, and the development of ideals and character received by the students.

Graduates of Needham High have entered the best colleges and universities in the country and have demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that our school produces leaders in every field. We have sent outstanding athletes to Northeastern University, Tufts, and Massachusetts State. Our graduates have served as class officers and leaders of extra-curricula activities at Massachusetts State, Mount Holyoke, Simmons, and Wheaton. They have been on the Honor Roll or Dean's List at Dartmouth, Smith, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Wellesley, and during the last two years we have had five Phi Beta Kappa students at Boston Univer-

sity, Dartmouth, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke and Wheaton.

Preparing students for colleges, however, is not the sole purpose of the Needham High School. The Manual Arts, Home Economics, and Commercial Departments provide a firm foundation of the practical arts for those who do not wish to continue to higher institutions of learning. The students who take these courses invariably find their proper places in the world and consider their time very well spent.

Needham High lays the greatest stress on a well rounded education, and the success of our institution may be measured by the character and success of its graduates.

#### CHRISTMAS

*Gould Hulse, '36*

**C**HRISTMAS! What is it? Why is it? The usual answer will be: "Christmas is an anniversary, a holiday to mark another year since the birth of Christ."

Years ago, before the Christmas season had assumed its universal state of excitement, the big fairs which came once a year were the center of all attention and activity. At these festivals, as at our present Christmas season, business was at its highest peak. Gay crowds swarmed in and out of the large cities where these fairs were held, eating nuts and sweetmeats, and watching puppet shows. Romans gave a triumph to some conquering general practically every year. Then, as now, crowds collected in the city, offerings were given, the streets were decorated with flowers and plants, and the populace thronged in the Circus Maximus and the Arena.

To go back even further than that, when primeval tribes gathered from all parts of the country to trade and buy, the same conditions existed. Years from now though we probably will not recognize the Christmas of our era, it will exist, call it what we may.





## Romance In Cement

*Barbara D. Blake, '35*

MARTHA was worried. Waiting for Peter on the porch of the comfortable farmhouse, with deft fingers she tenderly stitched tiny yellow Frenchknots on a fine linen towel for her hope chest. She was worrying about Peter—he had seemed so restless and unlike himself of late. It was all the fault of that city slick—"Yes that's all he is," she thought bitterly, "just a city slick"—that Peter had met the week before in Orton, the nearest city.

Peter's step, when he approached, was even more eager than usual and his eyes were shining with excitement.

"Martha, honey," he greeted her, "It's all settled. We'll be married right away, and then—a life of travel and excitement—"

"Peter," she interrupted, "are you crazy? Of course we'll be married as soon as you find work. But as for travel and excitement—I guess we'll have to wait a while for those to come our way—unless just our being married is excitement enough for you," she added. Then another thought struck her. "Peter," she inquired anxiously, "you haven't—you couldn't have decided to go into business with your father? I'd rather wait another year than to have you start in work where you'll be unhappy. Besides, I don't see how we can travel far on cement sidewalks." She laughed feebly at her own jest.

"No, no," Peter interrupted impatiently. "I could never stand it to be cooped up in that

stuffy office of Dad's and just sit around waiting for contracts for cement sidewalks. I've got to get away from this hick town. And listen, I've had a wonderful opportunity offered me. Do you remember that fellow we met last week down in Orton? (Martha remembered too well.) Well, he's starting some sort of a travel agency and he wants me to go in with him as a sort of representing salesman. You see, it's rather a new idea. I'm to go on various trips, all expenses paid, and sell train, boat or plane tickets to fellow travelers. Just think, honey, we can see the world together. We're going together, of course, and give the appearance of seasoned travelers. Then, when we get acquainted with other people who are making the same trip, we'll try to sell them these tickets;—you know, say that we bought 'em and find that it's not convenient to use them."

"But," protested Martha, a puzzled frown appearing between her clear eyes, "why doesn't he open up a regular travel agency? I should think that the expense of sending agents like that would be tremendous."

Peter's eyes faltered, refusing to meet Martha's steady gaze.

"Oh, hang it all," he said, "it's only fair to tell you, and you might as well know now that those tickets are to be fakes. Nobody could travel as far on them as we can travel on Dad's cement sidewalks!"



For a moment Martha stared blankly, unbelievably at Peter; then she rose and faced him in indignation.

"Do you think for a minute that I'd live on that kind of money? Why, Peter, that's nothing but a cheap, common racket. Peter, I love you; but if that's your idea of a life's work, you can share it with someone else!"

"But, Martha," said Peter desperately, "I'm doing it for you. So we can be married

"Oh no, you're not! You're doing it just to satisfy your own selfish desires for excitement. Peter, let's not quarrel. Give up this silly idea. You're not cut out for work like that; you're really too honest. If you weren't honest you wouldn't even have told me the truth about it. Besides, one dishonest deed leads to another. That's why there are so many crooks."

"Well," said Peter recklessly, "why not be a crook? They're the ones that get all the notoriety. Look at Capone. Why," he said, warming to his theme, "all through history it's been the fellows on the wrong side of the fence that have had the notoriety. Take Catiline, Napoleon, or Hitler—"

"You take them," interrupted Martha rudely. "I'm tired of all this silly talk." Then her tone changed. "Please, Peter, think it over and tell me to-morrow that you've changed your mind."

Peter did some heavy thinking as he strolled disconsolately homeward. He knew that Martha was right. He knew that he had acted very foolishly; but how could a fellow with any red blood in his veins settle down in this small town, with never a chance for advancement, travel, or fame? Martha had been pretty decent a year ago when he had refused to go into business with his father, and he couldn't let her down now. Besides, he loved her. What a future! Waiting around all day for some other hick towns to go modern enough to contract for cement sidewalks.

Just at this point in his thoughts, a hated

cement mixer, as though to mock him, loomed up before him. The town had finally yielded to the valiant salesmanship of Peter's father, and decided that a cement sidewalk down the main street would be a valuable asset. Peter walked deliberately up to it. His intentions were to give vent to his feelings by delivering a resounding kick upon the bulging side of the obnoxious instrument. However, his foot was stayed in mid-air and a look of horror came over his features, for, kicking convulsively and extending out of the sticky mess of cement within the mixer were the legs of a very little girl. The workmen had left for lunch and the place was deserted. Peter almost had to dive head first into the mixer in order to pull her out. Through the sticky gobs of cement he managed to recognize her as little Anne, the three-year-old daughter of the town's wealthy inhabitant, Mr. Trent. As quickly as possible, in order that he should reach home before the cement should dry on his own person, he deposited the child in the arms of a terror-stricken nursemaid who met him at the door of the Trent homestead.

When Peter reached home he intended to throw himself into the bathtub, but he had hardly torn off his clothes before the front door-bell jangled. He tiptoed to his bedroom window from which he could see the visitor. He recognized the bespectacled face below him as that belonging to the only female reporter on the staff of the local paper. Not daring to move lest she should hear and know that he was home, he crouched by the window. It seemed hours to Peter before the doorbell ceased ringing, and the reporter, with a last backward glance left the house. Meanwhile the cement had fast been hardening on Peter, and now he could hardly lift himself from his uncomfortable position.

At that moment the telephone rang.

"This is the Orton Daily News," sang a voice over the wire. "We heard about Mr. Trent's daughter's peculiar accident and



thought it would make a good story. As the rescuer, we would like to have your angle of the situation.

"Glub, glub," said Peter through a mouthful of hardening cement.

\* \* \*

Peter laughed as he read over Martha's shoulder the headlines of the town's weekly paper: "Local lad becomes hero as he rescues wealthy merchants daughter from cement mixer!"

"Well, honey," said Peter, "Dad's old cement sidewalks have done us a good turn. Mr. Trent called the other evening to thank me for fishing out his daughter,—and say, he's a regular fellow! We got to talking—and before I knew it I had told him how we want to get married, and all about trying to decide whether to go in with Dad or with that fellow at Orton. Then what do you think he said?"

"Oh, hurry Peter, darling, and tell me," begged Martha.

"Well, he said he knew of a fine opening in the United Fruit Co.—so pack your bag for South America."

"South America!"

"Yep, that'll be our address from now on."

"Peter," said Martha, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "your going to have your travel without going into that crooked job. But won't you miss all the notoriety that you talked so much about—that only the crooks can get?"

"Ye gods," said Peter, "If notoriety means snooping reporters hanging around your doorstep, and telephones ringing while cement dries all over you—spare me from it!"

#### FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP

*Barbara D. Blake, '35*

Checkered fields of greens and browns,  
Gem-like lakes and scattered towns,  
Stretching hills of faintest hue;  
Low-hung skies, vast realms of blue.

#### FIGURATIVE FANCIES

THE following original figures of speech were written by members of the Junior class. Contributions will be gladly accepted for this column, which will appear again in the June issue.

The moon glistened on the crest of the wave like a flash of lightning across a charcoal sky.

A timid house behind a tired fence.

The melancholy notes floated through the air and stirred the emotions of the people as a breeze stirs the leaves.

Corners of the fog were drifting about in the streets, like small lost ghosts whispering to each other.

The windows glittered and sparkled in the sunlight, but they gave out no warm ray of understanding, for they were the inexperienced windows of a new house.

The fire crackled like cellophane in a nervous person's hands.

A house so old that it mourned its age in every wind or storm.

His words fell upon the audience like drops of ink on a blotter.

As a companion she was as comforting to one's heart as a bit of praise upon the completion of a task.

Her words seemed to hang in the air like smoke on a calm day.

The twilight, a mighty giant's shadow, engulfed the town.

#### LITERATURE

*Elizabeth Smith, '35*

Literature is nothing more or less  
Than being daring  
And being able to confess  
That there is a little more  
To life  
Than just eternal happiness.

## THE COMPLEAT HORSESHOE PITCHER

*Jeffery Carre, '36*

THE fourth member of a horseshoe game is as necessary as a fourth at Bridge, but this fact is not nationally advertised. This need for a fourth player is my sole opportunity for playing with other pitchers at the court behind our neighbor's house. It must be the one reason, for my desirability as a partner, as will be seen, is not a factor of importance.

At a typical game I pick my partner with care, for only a man of patience and ability can endure me. As my ability or lack of it, is well known, I encounter little opposition as regards my choice. My first pitch is a wobbly arc that lands far beyond the stake. I perceive at a glance that I was too strong. Accordingly my next pitch has less gusto. It has too little gusto, for the shoe digs into the gravel in front of the fox, and a shower of dirt and pebbles is thrown into the clay.

"Learn to pitch or stay at home."

"After this game you'll pick that dirt out."

"If I was you he wouldn't play here no more."

These and similar out-at-the-elbow expressions grieve me deeply, but I have learned that resistance is futile.

My partner puts on a ringer to make the score 13 to 10 in his favor. I pick up my shoes preparatory to making another attempt for a point. Here the opponent at my end rouses himself.

"They're on the jinx now, and we'll hold them at 13." The "them" and the "they" was a real complement as I had thus far failed to score. At length my partner breaks away from the fatal number.

"What's the score?" I inquire after seeing his points pile up.

"What do you care what the score is?

You won't change it." This type of remark irritates and depresses me, but it is not my worst torture. True agony occurs on those rare intervals when I make a ringer. Ironic clapping is heard, my mother is informed, and incredulous housewives gather to stare at the miracle.

Despite these discouragements I have made a careful study of the game. I have committed the rules to memory, although those containing references to ringers are rarely necessary. My excuses, invented under the stress of necessity, are four in number and are flexible enough to cover any circumstance. They are "I can't see the stake because the sun is in my eyes; I can't pitch now, it's too dark; the clay is too hard the shoes won't stick; and this clay is so soft that the mud is sticking to the shoes and I can't shoot a slippery shoe."

I recommend horseshoe pitching to all. A newspaper clipping says that the famed "Schoolboy" Rowe attributes his strength to horseshoe pitching. A folder issued by a horseshoe manufacturing firm urges the youth of America to learn this tense, scientific skillful game. Horseshoe pitching has done one thing for me, at least. The sport has increased my love of good books.

## DAWN

*Elinor Bowker, '35*

Studded with jewels the chariot glitters, and  
soon at the dawning

Wide are the portals thrown open all crim-  
son and stained with the morning;

Radiant Dawn makes the snowy halls blush  
with her rosy bright fingers;

Out in the heavens the stars vanish quickly  
while Lucifer lingers.

From the Latin: "*How Phaethon Drove  
His Father's Chariot.*"



## Miss Sarah's Grievance

*Edna Earle, '35*

SHE had been acting strangely—yes, indeed, very strangely, for a well-balanced, intelligent maiden lady. No one could quite comprehend the cause nor did they try, for Porterville was a very unusual community. She had been in this condition for two weeks and in the course of those fourteen days a complete metamorphosis had taken place within her. One morning she had received a mysterious telephone call which left her in a state of absolute stupefaction. She would walk with great celerity down the street, looking neither to the right nor left. There was always a troubled look about her eyes that provoked wonder among the stable inhabitants of Porterville.

People had a certain awe of Miss Sarah Grenfell. She was an extremely dignified, well-bred lady, both energetic and self-respecting. Miss Sarah had always held her head a trifle higher and her lips a trifle tighter than most. They knew she was of good New England stock, though the family was in danger of becoming extinct, as she was the only one left. There were traces of a faded, nevertheless quite apparent, beauty—not the beauty of youth but of a woman who has lived her life wholesomely with neither help nor interference from anyone.

The odd performance lasted for about three weeks. Miss Sarah became reserved and quiet and scarcely ever spoke to anyone. She looked like a frightened animal that implores you to be kind to him. She kept her trouble to herself, however. The women of the town were sympathetic and gave her every opportunity in the world to tell them what the trouble was, but to no avail. Miss Sarah would not "talk."

On the main street of the little town was the little library that Miss Sarah had charge of. Nearby, on Dandelion avenue, was the

home of Miss Sarah's dearest friend, Anne Bascom. The good Mrs. Bascom was short and stout—Miss Sarah tall and slender, quite the opposite. Yet these two were the dearest of friends. But, even to the sympathetic Mrs. Bascom, Sarah had not told her grievances.

One morning the good lady was going about her housewifely duties, singing merrily as she rolled dough for pies. It was baking day. The sun poured serenely in at the prettily curtained windows and all was quiet save for Mrs. Bascom's soft singing and the thump of the roller on the bread board. Suddenly there came a peal at the door which startled Mrs. Bascom out of her wits and completely ruined her dough which dropped with a thud to the floor.

"I suppose it's only an agent, and there's my lovely dough all over the floor," she muttered, "I'll give him a piece of my mind."

When she arrived at the door, it proved to be a very disturbed looking woman who without further preliminary closed the door behind her, before Mrs. Bascom could recover from her surprise. The intruder leaned against the door and burst into a flood of tears. Miss Sarah crying! Why, it was unheard of! If she ever cried it was in the privacy of her own room—never where anyone could hear. The harder Mrs. Bascom tried to console her the more useless it seemed but finally she made herself heard.

"Sarah Grenfell," sternly, "stop it immediately and tell me what's wrong. Sarah!" The last was near a shout. For some time the weeping woman made no response but finally she choked her sobs and wailed,

"Anne, it's terrible; it is indeed! I wish I were dead."

"There, there, Sarah, don't take it so

hard," soothed Mrs. Bascom.

"But," Sarah only moaned, "I can't help it. I was perfectly happy. I had my work and I loved it, and I could live without folks bothering me, and hounding me all the time and now—it's all spoiled." And she went into another paroxysm.

It was beginning to look very serious to Mrs. Bascom, who could not imagine what she was driving at.

"Sarah, please tell me what's ailing you," she implored, nearly in tears herself.

Quite suddenly the distracted woman sat up. She was a droll sight. Her hair was wildly untidy, her face stained with tears and her eyes a bright red round the lids, a very unusual picture of that reserved lady.

"I'll begin from the beginning," she stated. "When I was young, I had an affair. I was going to marry a young man whom I loved very much and we were so happy. Then father broke it up. He said that George wasn't good enough for me and that I could do much better for myself. I never got over it until too late. Father and mother died and George went to Australia, married, and settled down and made a mint of money. I presumed he had forgotten me. The other day I received a telegram, then a 'phone call, from a New York lawyer; the latter telling me that he would come to see me that evening on business, and what do you suppose he told me?" She appealed to her friend.

"Go on, Sarah, sounds good," breathed Mrs. Bascom.

The roses in Miss Sarah's cheeks betrayed great excitement, and her eyes snapped. "There isn't much more to tell, Anne. He was a tallish, dignified, citified looking man. What do you suppose he told me?" She again appealed to her friend in a tragic voice, as if for sympathy.

"I can't imagine—Hurry!" Mrs. Bascom encouraged.

"He said that Mrs. Harmon—that's George's wife—died five years ago and George had no one else, so he left me all his horrid old money. What *will* I do with it?" she implored.

But Mrs. Bascom was not in a condition to answer. She had very gracefully and quietly closed her eyes, emitted a slight sigh and slipped to the floor.

## FIELD HOCKEY

*Hilda Lane and Betty Nye, '35*

We are the fullbacks right and left,  
In the back of the field we pine;  
Behind us stands the goalie,  
In front, the forward line.

We never shoot a single goal,  
We spend our time defending,  
We strike the ball as it goes by.  
To miss it is heart rending.

At left hand lunges, scoops, and drives  
We strive with might and main,  
We do our best to hold the line  
And seldom let it gain.

Sometimes the grass is very wet;  
With stick in awkward pose  
We go to greet the mother earth  
And soil our sky-blue hose.

When a forward makes a goal,  
We shout with glee and beam,  
And though we never score the point  
We help those on our team.

Few from this school will ever join  
The ranks of sporting fame.  
But still we say and always will  
Hockey's a grand old game!



## Credit

Walter Taylor, '36

*"There's so much good in the worst of us,  
And there's so much bad in the best of us,  
That it behooves the most of us  
To say little or naught of the rest of us."*

—Unknown.

THE above rhyme appeals to me as an undeniable truth. (In parenthesis, I might say that Mr. Unknown is my poet-ideal. His words appear often in books of poetry, proverbs, narratives, etc.) The first line in particular, although it doesn't refer to me, seems to be the most over-looked fact of the lot. We'll begin with the inanimate "us" and then speak of the human ones.

If the weather man received a telephone complaint from every man, woman, or child who groans after reading, "Cloudy, with possible showers tonight and Sunday;" he would be deaf inside of three hours, twenty-seven minutes and forty-three seconds. The total telephone expense to the people of the United States, at an average of ten cents per capita would be \$12,400,000. It is lucky, indeed, that the majority of the people keep their mis-used Biblical words off the telephone wires on such occasions.

On the other hand if everyone who rejoices verbally at the forecast, "Fair and warmer," sent a box of candy to the weather bureau, there would only be enough for twenty-seven per cent of the staff to have one piece each.

It's a rare person who not only spiels about the benefits of rain but actually thinks of them when the downpour comes just as he is going to mail an important letter. Most of us earthly beings are looking for the shadowy part of everyone and everything. It has become a pleasurable pastime to denounce the world and all its occupants except, of course, myself and you and our friends and relatives.

I never heard of anyone with a headache who rejoiced because he didn't have lock-

jaw, nor of a deaf one who, instead of bemoaning his fate and seeking pity, cried, "Hallelujah! I'm not blind!" The fellow with a toothache raves and rants and wonders why it had to be he, but the day before his trouble, I didn't notice him praying and thanking the Most High that he was not thus afflicted. I guess it just isn't done.

Now, let us consider our attitude toward the criminal. He is, I believe, among the "worst of us," and consequently, with due respect to our little verse, he must have "so much good" in him. For an explicit example let us suppose that two men have "given the works to," or "plugged," or "bumped off," or any similar expression except "killed" or "assassinated," a well-known banker. The "flatfeet get the goods on 'em," or rather, the state detectives find various clues which seem to insinuate that these two gentlemen are the ones guilty of the crime. The two men are found guilty and sentenced to death with apparently no regard for the "so much good" which is in them. I feel that they should be given credit for the fact that there are probably 29,999 bankers in the country whom they did not murder. Perhaps we might work it this way:—

First we shall classify the murdered man as a lawyer, doctor, etc.; or in the case of robberies classify as banks, or jewelry stores, or barber shops. Then subtract the number of men murdered from the number of men in the profession or the number of stores robbed from the number of such stores in the country. The resulting number would represent then, number of men or stores which they did not murder or rob and for which they should be given credit. Now, in states where electrocution is the supreme penalty, the judge would subtract one volt for each of these deeds which the culprit did not do, or in other words, would subtract from the total voltage the number obtained

by the above subtraction. Or in states where hanging is done, I might suggest the subtraction of one second from the amount of time it takes to "hang by the neck until you are dead," for each of the unassaulted objects. Or in the case of prison sentences, subtract one hour for each.

This is just a rough draft of my plan. I haven't worked out the details yet, but at any rate it would be more just than the present system of non-credit. After all the criminal is only human and when he sees that his rights are recognized, he will be ready to come to terms. Under my plan he will not learn that crime does not pay so much as that honesty does pay. However, it's only a suggestion.

Whether or not the above plan appeals to you, the fundamental idea behind it is the whole solution to our problem in general. Credit, that's the keyword—credit!

Give the weather credit for its good qualities and maybe you'll get a little more sunshine the ensuing month; give credit to the Father for your health and maybe you'll not be sick so often; give the criminal credit for the crimes he could commit but doesn't, and maybe he'll restrain himself; give the pupil credit for what he does know and maybe he'll try harder; give me any credit for this manuscript and I'll collapse.

#### APATHY

*Elinor Bowker, '35*

What does he think about —  
The night watchman—  
When the moon dances over the city walls,  
Or a black cat prowls  
With lights in his eyes,  
Or footsteps creep up behind him?  
Does he think of witches or moonlit magic?  
No,  
He thinks of his bed and supper  
Waiting for him at dawn.

#### CAREFREE YOUTH

*Walter G. Taylor, '36*

Many famous poets and literary men  
Have written of their childhood, and out  
of every ten  
There're nine who start by wishing for  
those days of long ago,  
When life was always pleasant and their  
spirits never low.  
According to these writers, in those golden  
olden hours,  
Youth was always carefree and the world  
was full of flowers.

But maybe they're forgetting the frightful  
days of old  
When bullies hovered o'er them and their  
hearts turned sick and cold,  
And the awful silent minutes when teacher  
called on them;  
Or the grim and austere lectures that be-  
gan with Dad's, "Ahem."  
And the fervent love for maiden that caused  
such bitter strife—  
I think that I'd not call it a very care-  
free life.

Such things are minor worries when the  
boys grow into men,  
But if their wish were granted, and they  
were young again,  
They'd find those little problems grow larger  
day by day,  
And they'd wish that they were older and  
could always have their way.  
And so that is why I chuckle or give a little  
grin,  
As I read about how carefree their days  
of youth have been.



## THROUGH THE NIGHT

*Betty Griffin, '35*

Clouds hung heavy—  
 The air was hushed,  
 A frog creaked,  
 A cricket sawed,  
 The clouds of night  
 Hung low.  
 I waited in the shadow—  
 Whistled once,  
 Then he came to me,  
 Running through the night—  
 With open arms  
 I met him—  
 Took him to the house—  
 My cat.

## A POLITICAL BOSS

*Lloyd Bigelow, '36*

His large bay window is a living monument  
 To his so-called love for the "better things  
 of life;"  
 His broad smile and rash promises  
 Are nothing more than good bait for many  
 poor fish.

He is a showman, mud slinger, and hypno-  
 tist;  
 He is very well lubricated,  
 His pocketbook can always hold a little  
 more,  
 So he keeps reeling out his old line with  
 new bait.

## "Slipper"

*James Heald, '35*

NICKNAMES are queer things. You wouldn't have to take more than one look at "Horseface Pete" to understand where he got his name; and, of course, there are more "Reds" and "Texases" and "Slims" than broncos on the range. But there are some cow-hands that pick their names in odd ways, like this fellow "Slipper" I'm going to tell you about.

Slipper had been riding for about two years off and on with the T-Down-Bar outfit. He was just Tom then, because this was before they pinned his new handle on him.

We had been out on roundup, running into bad weather and trouble, with the natural result that we began to get low on grub. Now there are three things that a smart roundup boss always does to keep his hands contented, and these are to feed them good in the morning, feed them good at noon, and feed them good again at night. So short rations can be a problem in a roundup outfit when you are a couple of thousand miles from nowhere. Well, it so happened that Big Tom Burkes, who was roundup boss, figured that he'd send Slipper after some supplies.

"Throw your gear together," he said,

"Rope a couple of pack horses in the remuda and start traveling."

Just about this time Bob Duncan, who had been having trouble with a new pair of boots that he had got down in Havre, drifted over and said to Slipper, "While you're over at Shelby, get me a pair of those straw slippers like the Chink cooks wear. These boots are bothering me plenty, and I guess if I give my feet a little rest at night I'll feel more like circle riding next day."

Well, Slipper got started, but it's a long way to Shelby, which is the nearest town; and from where the outfit was riding, it was pretty dry all the way in. In fact, the first night Slipper had to be satisfied with a dry camp, and because of this about the time he got into Shelby late the next afternoon he had picked himself up a pretty healthy thirst. He drifted into the nearest bar to get the lay of the land. Here he bumped into Blackie and Charlie and some of the other boys from the Lazy outfit. Well, Slipper had to have something to get the alkali out of his throat, so the boys all stood around the bar and had one with him, and after that of course Blackie had to buy and then Charlie set them up and

then they all had one on the house.

There they were standing around wondering what to do next, when in came a bunch of boys from the Circle K, and things started all over again, with each one buying in turn and the barkeeper throwing one in now and then. By the next morning, the boys were all sitting around a table because there wasn't one of them who was able to stand, and just about this time the sun started to come up and Slipper recollected dimly that he had some errands to do, so he picked Blackie, whom he figured was the soberest one of the outfit, and away they went to do Tom Burke's shopping. This didn't take so long and after drifting back to say goodbye to the boys, Slipper broke camp and started back. But just as he was leaving, Blackie, who seemed all broken up over the thought of parting, pressed a couple of bottles of rye onto Slipper, which he tied by the necks and slipped over the saddle. So away he went—Slipper, his two pack horses, and his two bottles which kept hangin' up and down on his horses neck.

It was a long way back, and of course you can't travel so fast when you have a couple of pack horses, but Slipper hit the trail pretty steady, and in order to keep his spirits up he kept drinking from the bottles that Blackie gave him.

It was early in the morning when he got back to the roundup outfit. The night herders were just coming in and the cook had chow ready, although by this time all there was left was beef and biscuits, so the boys were real glad to see Slipper—not that they wasted any affection on him, but those two pack horses represented a change in variety as far as food was concerned. I went over to help Slipper unload and the cook came along to take charge of the food. Altogether there were four boxes, two on each horse, so we dragged them down and opened them, and out rolled—slippers—and slippers.

You never saw so many shoes in your life,

nor so many different kinds. There were leather ones like you sit around a living room fire with, and there were straw ones like the orientals wear. There were girl's slippers and boy's slippers and slippers for old men. He even had a pair of congress gaiters.

Having finished his two bottles the night before, he was just beginning to sober up and to realize that something was wrong. But if there was any doubt in his mind, it surely was removed when Big Tom Burke came over. He started in a nice gentle way, telling Slipper what he thought of him and then he worked back to Slipper's ancestors, and when he figured he had gotten as far back as he could, he moved right on down the line again and wound up with Slipper, who was sitting there scratching his head and trying to explain.

So the boys just naturally started to call him Slipper, and that's the name he still goes by out in that country.

## ELEMENTS

*Ruth Rosenkrans, '36*

Shaken

from pillows of gray clouds  
and resting upon it's bed, the earth,  
arrives  
the snow.

Poured

from a watering can from heaven  
upon the thirsty world below  
slants  
the rain.

Hurled

from quarries of frozen rain and snow  
and popping upon window panes and  
rooftops  
descends  
the hail.

Composed

of millions of flames and illuminating  
God's world—  
shines  
the sun.



## The ‘ ‘ Jinx ’ ’

*Barbara D. Blake, '35*

As a general rule I am not a superstitious person, but, as every rule has an exception, so I have one superstition. I am sure that there is no other explanation for the bad luck that pursues me every time I raise my violin to my chin before an audience, than that I have a “jinx.” Perhaps my “jinx” is only hinting that it would be best if I should put my violin carefully in its case—and leave it there.

With the golden tones of a concert violinist ringing in my impressionable ears, and with all the boldness of ignorant childhood, I begged for a violin. Little did I know, then, of the many years of harsh, rasping, ear-piercing practice of monotonous, finger-breaking exercises, that were before me; nor of the nerve-racking situations the possession of such an instrument would later cause me. Don't misunderstand me. In spite of what I have said, I love the violin, and would give up a great many things rather than my meagre ability to play, for I have spent many happy hours with my violin and my sister or one of my friends at the piano.

However, playing before an audience, no matter how small, is an entirely different matter. I shall be truthful and admit that, in a way, I enjoy it. There is exhilarating excitement in the very uncertainty of it, for when one's nerves are taut, coördination is almost fifty per cent reduced and one's bow may tremble or one's fingers falter—and the result is indeed uncertain;—but I do not experience the same quiet pleasure as when I play for my own enjoyment. Rather, I experience almost every human emotion in such breathless rapidity that I am left weak and exhausted when I have finished.

When I was eight years old, I played a very simplified arrangement of the Brahms's Waltz in a little recital given by my teacher. If I shut my eyes now, I can plainly see the lace

curtain at which I stared fixedly all the time I was mechanically playing my piece and experiencing for the first time that “weak-in-the-knees” sensation.

But it was my second “public appearance” that was a prophecy of the awkward and funny situations which I seem to be destined to encounter every time I play. It was at a Girl Scout rally, and I was supposed to represent the musician's badge. Other badges were represented, too; and large signs with the name of the badge to be enacted were displayed before each performance. When I stepped out upon the stage, a titter rose from the audience. All unawares, I had appeared directly after the “Cook” badge had been announced. No wonder that the audience laughed—they expected ham and eggs and got the “Minuet in G.”

“They laughed when I started to play—” is the beginning of a well-known advertisement. That is precisely what happened to me at a tea where my sister and I had been asked to play. However, there was not the usual happy ending, for they were still laughing (behind their handkerchiefs, it is true) when we finished. Neither my sister nor I could understand the reason for such mirth, and were justly puzzled and indignant. Afterwards we came to the conclusion that it was the illustration on the back of my music that had proved so amusing, for some would-be-Raphael had interpreted Borowski's “Adoration” in vivid colors, by a heavenly scene (billowy clouds indicating heaven) with fat little winged cherubs all about, a moon-eyed, long haired violinist, and a corpulent woman with a white wig playing the 'cello. I resolved then and there to memorize that piece.

One of the funniest things that ever happened to me occurred at a Parent-Teacher Association meeting. I had just finished playing one selection without my notes and was adjusting

a rack on which was the music for the next number (a queer arrangement, I'll admit) when one of the boys who had a part in the program and was therefore on the stage, jumped gallantly to his feet, and, before I could stop him, briskly carried the rack off-stage. The audience howled! Perhaps they had had enough of me too.

Then there was the time my sister and I were informed only one day before a strawberry festival that we were to provide a half hour of music while the "guests partook of refreshments." After much scurrying around we succeeded in gathering together enough music to carry us over the allotted time. I believe we had played only two selections when—snap! My A string was gone. A violin without an A string is as useless as a camera without a film. It took almost the whole remainder of the time to repair damages.

I could enumerate many other harrowing experiences. For example, the time I tripped onto the stage, falling with a loud crash, holding my violin high over my head, or the time I completely forgot what I was playing

much to the distress of my accompanist, who fairly jumped from the piano stool in her alarm.

Last spring I had the honor of being asked to play in a recital given by a piano teacher for her pupils. I was to play a solo and four trios with a very talented 'cellist and pianist. Realizing that the music was far more difficult than anything I had played here-to-fore, I spent most of my time for two months, practicing. I vowed that the "jinx" should not spare the occasion; but two weeks before the recital I came down with the measles! I did recover in time to play, but the excitement of the evening brought back the rash, and by the time I was to play the lovely, haunting melody of the slow movement from Wienaski's Concerto, I was certainly a bespeckled spectacle.

There is only one thing that has never happened to me while I have been playing and I await its occurrence with fear and trembling. I have never been taken with a fit of sneezing. Is that what my "jinx" has in store for me next?

### SOUNDS

*Ruth Peare, '37*

The sounds that I like most to hear—  
A football enthusiast's rousing cheer,  
A snappy march played by a band,  
My mother's voice near at hand,  
My nephew's tiny baby laugh;  
I don't think there's anything half  
So comfy as a kitten's purr  
When you stroke its soft black fur.  
And, even nicer still,  
The throbbing of machinery in a mill;  
A summer breeze sighing through  
The pine trees—that is lovely too—  
The swishing of tall green grass  
Parting before me as I pass,  
And I will never tire  
Of crackling logs in an open fire.

### OUR SECRET

*Lowell Kingsley, '36*

Don't tell nobody, but today me and Bill  
While we was playin' on the Dolan's hill,  
Found a little cave 'bout nine feet deep  
Where bones was lyin' in a little heap.

Beneath a rotty old board I looked for gold,  
And found a hunk of leather, covered with  
mould.

Bill said they was the bones of a horse,  
And the leather was part of a saddle, of  
course;  
But I think they were bones of an Indian  
Chief,  
And the leather was part of his arrow sheath.



## On Eating Grapes

Andrew G. Rosenberger, '36

*Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my last, my final grape,"  
And goes on eating like an ape?*

Now then, I shan't bore you with a long involved technical treatise on this momentous and stupendous subject. Why, if I were to speak of the *Cordifolia*, the *Vitis Labrusca*, or the *Viniferis*, you probably wouldn't know what I was talking about, and neither would I. But you are all familiar with the Concord grape, that luscious little ball of blue for which the town of Concord was named.

But alas, even in this day of science and invention, the grape is not fully appreciated by the great masses of the people. Take the Englishman for an example. When he was conquered by the Americans in the Revolution, he vowed never to eat a Concord grape again. Now he refuses to eat any grape that contains seeds and feels positively insulted when confronted with a bunch of nice juicy Concord. With me, of course, it's different.

Why, when I was a boy, I used to sit on

the old farmyard fence for hours at a time and do nothing but eat Concord grapes. I don't believe anyone had the art of grape-eating down to a finer point than I. Perhaps you smile when I call it an "art." Let me explain. With a little practice one could press every bit of juice from the grape with a quick pressure of the tongue against the upper front teeth. When we had six or eight of these in our mouth we used to expectorate them so rapidly that it must have seemed like a machine gun to some poor unsuspecting beetle. And besides being just fun, it is good training. You'd be surprised to learn how many of the best tobacco chewers in the country were exponents of this gentle art in their youth.

And grape-eating is not a new sport. Why, grapes are mentioned in the most ancient historical documents. With a little imagination you can

*Picture Cleopatra in her barge on the Nile  
Say to her lover, Marc Anthony, with a smile,  
"Dearest, peel me a grape."*

## Incongruity

Jane MacDonald, '36

"IT'S that silly Miss Potter an' I just wouldn't get up if I were you. I'll tell her you've got measles or somethin';" announced Pat disgustedly, squinting through the curtains at the porch below.

"Really, dear, I'm not an invalid," smilingly remonstrated Mrs. Avery. "I am perfectly able to entertain Miss Potter this afternoon."

"Aw, gee, Mums! I sort of hoped you could rest today."

"Well, I can't. It is sweet of you to want me to, though," she said, seeing her daughter's disappointment.

They could hear Liza opening the heavy front door. As Pat sprawled at the foot of

her bed watching her mother fasten a string of pearls around her neck, she was picturing the way Miss Potter would sit in the big over-stuffed chair by the fireplace and chatter constantly about her latest plan—possibly to start a community cat cemetery. Miss Potter had a perfect mania for organizing but, unfortunately, only the mentality of a child about ten. How could Pat prevent her mother from having such foolish conversation inflicted upon her for probably three hours? When Miss Potter went calling, she usually spent the entire afternoon.

"I'll think of some way," mumbled Pat to the vanishing figure of Mrs. Avery.

Not many minutes passed before Pat was

surveying herself in the mirror. An impudent lock of hair tumbled out from under the narrow brim of her hat. A warmly mittened hand impatiently brushed it aside. With her coat snugly belted, Pat crept down the back stairway. She slipped through the deserted kitchen—Liza was getting potatoes from the basement—and out into the brisk air. She sauntered to the end of the garden path and then turning swiftly, retraced her steps. But instead of entering the house by the back door, she ran to the side door. As she bounced into the dining-room, she shouted, "Hello, Mums! Have you still got your head-ache and are you still resting or have—oh, excuse me!!!! How do you do, Miss Potter?"

"Patricia!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, I know it is Patricia, Mrs. Avery. How do you do, dear, and what is this about

your mother having a head-ache and resting?"

"Patricia!" warned Mrs. Avery.

However, to no avail—"Mums was tired and her head was aching. She was lying down this afternoon. That's all," explained Pat truthfully.

Although Miss Potter was reluctant to cease her discourse upon her decision to adopt a Filipino boy, she insisted upon her departure, a few minutes later, much to Pat's glee. The mother and daughter stood in the doorway to wave good-bye to the caller, who was getting into her waiting car.

As Miss Potter was riding home, a vision of Patricia flashed through her perplexed brain—Patricia, dressed warmly in a coat and hat except that she had no stockings on her bare legs and instead of shoes, only a flimsy pair of bedroom slippers on her feet.

## Spirit Of Christmas

*Virginia Sanborn, '36*

What is Christmas?

To most of us it is

A vague, elusive thing, finding expression in  
Gifts

Wreaths

Cards

Trees;

In one's calling to his neighbor over the way,

"Merry Christmas!"

Among the poor

A meal is served

To hungry children,

And Christmas baskets, stockings given

Their drab existence to enliven,—

They also say, "Merry Christmas!"

Once, upon a Christmas day

A little babe, upon this earth

Was born.

He grew a man whose sacred word—

"To give is blessed," soon was heard

Throughout the land.

He died,

The world against him;—

And would have been forgot

Had his holy message not

In the hearts of a few

Remained, smouldering.

The faith burst into flame

Again—

And spread

And blazed

And burned

And dazed

The people with its Magnitude.

So, let it flame anew

In all its glory

As of yore.

Let its true significance fill

You with a good and hearty will

And mean it when you say, "Merry Christmas!"



## Extra

*William Buckley, '35*

“**M**ADAME Magie—Sorceress.” Thus read the small sign above the tiny dark shop, squeezed between two towering New York buildings. And gazing longingly, hungrily at the lettering were two bright eyes. This pair of eyes belonged to L. J. Grawson, multi-millionaire stock-plunger.

Anything that smacked of magic or the uncanny appealed to this great human machine of finance. In fact, it was an obsession with him. But in spite of all this, he never let it mix with business.

Without any hesitation L. J. crossed the street and opened the door underneath the sign. Entering, he perceived a dark mysterious room. After his eyes had accustomed themselves to the dim interior, they found in a far corner of the shop a wrinkled old woman, dressed in robes of weird design and startling colors.

“Sit down,” croaked the old hag, “and tell Madame Magie your problem.”

“I have no problem, but I should like to have my palm read,” replied the man, seating himself and presenting his hand. Mme. Magie took the proffered hand in a gnarled claw and peered at the lines, tracing their courses with bent forefinger. After a moment of scrutiny she encouraged: “Your life will be happy and prosperous if you don’t dig too deep.”

In the meantime the millionaire had spied on the small table a tiny blue box with queer designs on the cover.

Grawson wanted this box very much and fearing she would not consent to sell, took it and left, when the old sorceress went to get change for his twenty dollar bill.

A little while after, a cab drew up in front of Lester J. Grawson’s mansion and the millionaire alighted, paid the cabby, and entered his

house, and after dismissing his butler, L. J. retired to the library.

He closed the door carefully and furtively drew all the shades. Then he seated himself at his desk and drew from his pocket the tiny blue box.

As he held it in his hand, there appeared to be writing on the cover, but it was so small a magnifying glass was needed. Grawson snatched one from his desk and peering through it read these words:

*Directions:* This powder is of the Spirit of Laughter and extremely potent. Empty contents of this box into brazier and light.

With shaking hands the man followed the directions, poured the powder, which was in the box, into a bronze ash-tray, and lighted the pile.

Pouff!—a blinding glare—a cloud of acrid smoke, then a weird insane laugh and a voice.

“What is your wish, master?”

“My wish?” parried the startled man, his eyes searching for the owner of the voice.

“I am here to do your bidding,” rasped the voice, “Quickly! Your wish!”

A sudden thought struck Grawson. “I want you to bring me all the copies of the “Times” from to-morrow morning’s till a year from that date.”

A moment later the whole side of the library was filled with piles of papers, arranged by date. Three hundred, sixty-four copies! Grawson reached for a paper.

“Stop!” the word was hurled at him. “You understand that you may do as you wish with those papers until mid-night, when I shall take them and get my payment.” Grawson shivered unconsciously at the word “payment.” The voice had left the room.

The financier drew a paper toward him and looked at the date. “March 30, 1935.” Then swiftly and systematically, beginning with

January's copies, he took notes on the stocks and bonds and their values.

The clock struck ten. Eleven. Then the half-hour. Grawson was completing his financial report and closing his note-book, turned to the sporting sections of five or six papers.

Grawson wrote down the winners of the 1935 World Series, the national open golf-champion, the winner of the Rose-Bowl football clash and the champions and winners of other sporting events of national interest.

The minute hand crept up to 11:57.

"Well," yawned the millionaire, "guess I'll take a peek at to-morrow morning's paper." And as he said the words, he lifted the sheet from the first pile. As he unfolded it, these

headlines exploded like a shell before his weary eyes.

"EXTRA — L. J. GRAWSON DIES  
SUDDENLY"

Well Known Bear Leader Dies of  
Heart Attack

Fri., Oct. 26: (UP)—The body of Lester J. Grawson, well-known multi-millionaire of Wall Street, was found this morning by his butler, John Searsdale,—Investigation revealed no show of violence. Therefore it is surmised Grawson died of a heart attack. The dead man had a piece of paper in his clenched hand. Upon this scrap was written "Susie L. —Kentucky Derby." The police believe this slip to be written in the form of a joke."

\* \* \*

## Environment Plus

*Elinor Bowker, '35*

It is the height of fashion at present to have risen from an environment. People look at your past and deduce your present. I have not yet fully risen, but I *am* rising from a great, stimulating, exhausting environment. Perhaps I can explain it all by saying that I have a little brother.

Why was the little boy included in the scheme of things? Man should come into the world as the first man did, completely developed in mind, body and spirit. Of course, I do not wish to deprive boys of a happy childhood, but they are such boisterous, noisy, exultant creatures, so busy living that they are not really aware of their own barometric feelings. It is a curious fact that you cannot hurt a little boy's feelings unless he is abnormally sensitive, for they are guarded by an impregnable fortress from which insults and cutting remarks bound back into your own face. He just cannot believe everyone else does not like and admire him, he is so confident in himself.

Roughness is a predominant characteristic. Whooping wildly, brandishing a pistol, he bounds happily from the second floor to the

cellar; or, in the guise of a wily Turk he assails me when I am groaning over my Latin; or, pretending that the dog is the fiercest of enemies, he hunts her from chair to chair. Gleefully he takes apart everything he can not construct again. This afternoon he greeted me by grasping my waist and dragging me to the floor, but that is nothing. The noise is far worse. I can stand "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum," bellowed by the healthiest of lungs, but I weaken at the incessant chant of "Ella's mad and I'm glad," accompanied by a loud stamping of raw-hide boots.

My brother holds the family speechless during meals with informal arguments on the habits of hornpout, hut building, or his own particular explanation of the solar system. Door-to-door salesmanship would be the perfect job for him. Much to the family's dismay he succeeds in selling to the benevolent neighbors hideous home-made articles from brooms made of hay and piano stool legs, to medicine concocted with hollyhock seeds. He gets so excited while discoursing that his voice rivals a rooster's and his words tangle their long legs and finally stumble away in con



fusion. When he and I are alone, we have long foolish arguments about nothing and life is quite peaceful, but the minute one of his "gang" comes in view he becomes a ferocious Indian or a blood-thirsty pirate. Each of these atrocious characters covers that deep rooted tendency in the little boy to show off.

Watching a boy grow is a painful sight. As some wise woman said (I forget who), he is "a noise with dirt on it." I cannot remember having any violent desire when I was little to bother every grownup I knew; therefore, it must be a peculiarity of the small boy that makes him grin triumphantly and redouble his efforts to irritate some sane person to the point where he ought to be put in a padded cell. I never saw such a genius for finding people's touchy spots!

All that I have written sounds as if my

brother were a combination of all the mischiefs in the universe, but I know other boys are the same. During their sleeping hours and a few minutes a day they are like ordinary people. A happy boy is sunnier than the sun itself. I love to see my brother chuckling in the morning with his nose screwed up in a grin, but his other moods amaze me: they are so unreasonable as a whole and yet reasonable in part. Since my surroundings contain this young human hurricane, I am always on tiptoe with perpetual excitement. I can never make an error of any degree but that some younger member of the family is quick to point it out—a habit which youth cultivates. Youth is frankness. It is queer what one tiny person can do to your life. I can not be a sleepy lifeless person with a little brother. It is utterly impossible; thus I am glad that he is he and I am I.

## On Ripping Up Of Streets

*Richard Schmalz, '36*

A NEW street is one of the most pleasant sights the eye can meet. Convenience, too, is a feature not entirely lacking. Once, you plowed through the rich ooze of spring, or through the equally thick and penetrating winter slush. Now you idle pleasantly on well cleared and hard footpaths, not a chance for a mis-step.

It is too bad, however, that these ideal conditions should last only for a mere six months. At about this time, the officials of the street department begin listing the things which they have left out of the road. Accordingly they send Engineer—to section 42 (where the new street is located) with instructions to begin operations immediately. The first day is not very impressive—there are only a few unintelligible red chalk lines. But the next day—you find your beloved street undergoing a major operation. It seems that a gas pipe

or some such trifle has been omitted. And then to top it all off, it is left to heal itself under the steady tread of daily traffic.

As soon as quiet has been restored in this area, the officials begin to wonder what they can do next. Oh! Yes. They've heard that the telephone company would not mind the slightest bit if someone would kindly place their wires under the ground. And also, the officials think, there is next year's power rate to be considered. The logical place to start is, of course, under your new street.

Thus, once again your street is ripped by cruel picks and shovels. For another few weeks you carry a few more tons of mother earth to your parlor floor by way of your shoes, until at last all holes are filled.

Perhaps two weeks after this comes the period of general overhaul which is exactly what the name implies, a period of time

during which everything and anything is hauled over the poor street. This feature naturally makes the street exceptionally flat, but even then I doubt if its level exceeds that of the Rocky Mountains.

The unusual fact is, however, that the road gets no further attention for the rest of its years except perhaps a coat of tar now and

then. Thus the officials get the most satisfaction possible from *your* money, and you the least.

What we need is not bigger, better, and tougher streets, but more intelligent planning and more attention when a street needs it, which is not when the street is new!

## The Romance Of Washing Windows

*Hilda Lane, '35*

I have always hated washing windows. If I were to be sentenced to a jail term, I'd rather serve it than stay home and wash windows—a vile chore, methinks.

There was no school one Friday. I arose at about eleven and trailed languidly down stairs expecting to eat a large breakfast and then put in a few hours reading, until it was time for the movies. However, my mother had planned otherwise. She greeted me at the bottom of the stairs, with a bright face.

"Hi," I said.

"Good morning, my dear. I'm glad to see you down so early. The dining room windows need a thorough washing." Like Willie in "Seventeen" I protested that what she asked was servants' work and wasn't she ashamed to see her daughter washing windows? She said she didn't mind, and I guess Mother thought that no extra help was needed when there was so much good material going to waste at home. Of course she didn't say so but I sensed it in the air.

So I ate two eggs and then reluctantly put on a pair of brown pajamas that used to be cute, but aren't any more since the pant legs which never were long enough, had shrunk in the laundry. Armed with Bon Ami, a wash cloth, and a pail of water, I began washing the inside of windows. It is all right, I never did mind that; it's the outside which bothers me. I had to drag a table, that I had painted orange two summers ago, out around the south end of the house. I climbed heavily

on it, disregarding the warning creaks and hoping none of the neighbors would feel it necessary to peer from behind their curtains. After I'd worn my arm out rubbing, I began to wish some of the men I occasionally see reclining in the living room would come to call and perhaps finish the windows. But they didn't, so I continued working. I wrecked a fine polish on my nails and got my hands dirty; but that's to be expected.

After the dining room windows were finished, Mother had another little surprise for me. She wanted those in her room washed, so I trudged upstairs like a lamb led to the slaughter.

"Be careful you don't fall out," trilled Mother.

"I probably will, though I doubt if I could get through the small aperture," this in a lofty tone.

Leaning far out the window, I saw down below a small boy.

"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou," I called sweetly. He looked bewildered. "Didn't you ever hear of Romeo?" I said in a Superior tone while reaching for the Bon Ami.

"Surely," replied the brat, "He built Romeo hee." He moved his head just in time to miss a pail full of water.

By two o'clock I had finished four windows and looked as if I'd been through a war. Feeling in a brutal temper, I went off to the movies.



## Once

ELINOR BOWKER, '35

NOT many eyes rested on him for he was at the end of a long dark corridor among dingy November landscapes and white-skinned Madonnas. Young Jerry found him one afternoon as he was wandering through the painting galleries in his usual dreamy fashion. A last ray of sun slanting through a slit of a window fell across the canvas giving the painted face a lighted living look. In whole-hearted admiration for the straight brave figure, Jerry held his breath. It was a soldier, an officer with broad shoulders proudly held back. The gold braiding, the medals that gleamed below his pocket through the dusk, and the vivid color of his uniform dazzled the boy. In the background through clouds of dust rolling over the battlefield he saw heroic, cowardly, terrible scenes that filled his mind with wonderful thoughts. But the face stood out from everything else. It was a brown face with firm clean lines and stern features, and the hair was dark brown with lighter spots here and there where the light shone through it. Although his mouth was parted in a half smile Jerry knew that it could be thin and severe. And his eyes showed a million things at once. They were tender and wise, were understanding and farseeing; were sad, and yet laughing a little, too; were filled with the light of courage, yet had known fear; were critical, yet kind. Jerry suddenly caught his breath; he had been looking so long that he himself seemed to be included in that confident gently smile.

"I wish I could have known him," Jerry whispered.

"He is still alive," said a strange voice at Jerry's elbow. He turned quickly and saw a tall old man swinging in his right hand a lantern whose light flashed through the darkness from the ceiling of one wall, down, and up to the ceiling of the other.

"Do you really know him?" Jerry asked eagerly.

"Well, no, but I work here and know about all these pictures. I can tell you a lot about the—the Major."

"Oh, Mr. — Mr. — —"

"Finch, just Finch."

"Finch, please tell me everything." Finch sat down on the floor and held the lantern between his knees while Jerry stood up and stared into the Major's eyes.

"He was born in England and grew to be a nice brave little chap like you. When he was about as old as you, his father found out that he wanted to be a soldier, but his father wanted him to be a lawyer."

"I'm going to be a lawyer," Jerry burst out with pleasure at the coincidence. Finch frowned and went on.

"His father wanted him to be a lawyer because that way he could earn money to support himself; but fighting blood was in the lad, and one night at school he crept out of the house and ran away. After four years of training he began to shine as a polished soldier with a fine daring instinct that never failed him as he rose higher and higher in the army. Ten years that entitled him to a holiday were spent in India ridding the mountains of bandits, but the night he returned to England he received orders to command a division in South Africa against the Boers, who were trying to control the country. There he spent almost all his life, coming home after the last trace of rebellion had been stamped out."

"Oh, but—but, Finch, tell me about some battles—how he won the medals!" Jerry went up to the picture and examined it closely. Suddenly he flung his arms out with surprise and came excitedly back to Finch.

"Why didn't you tell me he won the

Victoria Cross with two bars on a crimson ribbon?" he cried with joy.

"Just forgot, I guess," said Finch uneasily.

"Well, tell me!"

"Queen Victoria herself gave him the Cross for saving an official's life."

"Don't you know all about it? Please tell me," persisted Jerry.

"No, I cannot tell you all the details," he stated a little hurriedly, "but in the Boer War I know what happened. The British were below. They knew it but nevertheless they were attacking bravely. The Major with a higher officer was surrounded by his soldiers to whom he was giving orders. Suddenly a Dutch division rushed from the left and charged the hill firing shots at the two officers. A ball whizzed past the superior officer's ear! Promptly the Major jumped before him, receiving a bullet in his thigh. That was how he earned the first bar." Jerry wriggled enthusiastically.

"And the second?"

"He surrendered his division to save their lives, but afterward rescued them by a daring escape and careful attack."

"He must be a great man now," said the boy dreamily, "with a big estate, and servants, and everything. I should like to be a soldier."

"But you won't?" asked Finch hurriedly, anxiously.

"Oh, no. I am going to be a lawyer. But he must be a wonderful man. Everyone must love him; I do, just from seeing his picture. He was so brave and daring not even afraid to be afraid. And think how wonderful he must have been on a horse, straight and tall, riding the hills with his bright coat."

"Help me up, boy, will you?" asked old Finch struggling to lift his old body from the floor. Jerry absent-mindedly helped him up, seeing in a sort of daze the holes in his clothes. Finch took his lantern and slowly walked backward until he stood before a little door near the window.

"But he must be a great man," said Jerry following his own line of thought. "What is his name? I almost forgot to ask you."

"I can't stop. I would lose my job. Good-night." Finch bowed stiffly and disappeared.

"But—!" The door was closed. Jerry walked home with a dream in his heart.

Old Finch sat down in his little room behind the painting galleries and placed the lantern on the floor beside him, for there was no table. He dug into his pocket, brought out something that gleamed, and held it down to the light. It was a Victoria Cross with two bars on a crimson ribbon.

"We were wonderful once," he whispered to it, and then sat dreaming of old brave days.

## WHISPERS

*Elinor Bowker, '35*

He haunted her in Autumn.  
Through the smoky gold  
Of tingling days she saw  
His laughing eyes,  
And when she walked at night,  
She thought she heard his footsteps  
Ring sharp upon the frost,  
But turning with glad cry she heard  
Only leaves  
Whispering in the wind,  
Brittle . . . . and dead.





## SENIOR CLASS REPORT

The first meeting of the Senior Class was called to order in the auditorium on September 12, 1934 at 2:25 by Loring Nye. The secretary's report was omitted, but a report was given by William Kennedy on the class finances.

The election of class officers then took place. The following people were elected to offices: Loring Nye, president; Susan Loomis, vice-president; William Kennedy, treasurer; and Harriet Moodie, secretary.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:15.

Respectfully submitted,  
HARRIET MOODIE, *Secretary*.

## SOPHOMORE REPORT

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was called to order by Mr. Pollard on October 2, 1934 at 2:20 o'clock. The following class officers were elected: John Notman, president; Ruth McKean, vice-president; Evelyn Godfrey, secretary; and Richard Murphy, treasurer. Miss Erickson and Mr. Johnson were elected class advisors. It was voted that the matter of class rings should be decided on in the home rooms. The meeting was then adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,  
EVELYN GODFREY, *Secretary*.

## JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

The first meeting of the Junior Class was called to order at 2:25 o'clock on September 19, 1934, by Chester Matthes. Election of officers took place. Those elected were Chester Matthes, president; Lowell Kingsley, vice-president; Edwin Johnson, treasurer; and Marion McNear, secretary. No other business was transacted. The meeting was adjourned at 2:50.

Respectfully submitted,  
MARION MCNEAR, *Secretary*.

## HONOR ROLL

The following pupils have had ranks of B or above during the first marking period:

## SENIORS

Barbara Blake, Charlotte Boyer, Ruth Gilpatrick, Thomas O'Connell, Margaret Lewitt, Janet Lyon, Phyllis Langdale, Jean Merrill, Roger Stanwood, Ann Winter.

## JUNIORS

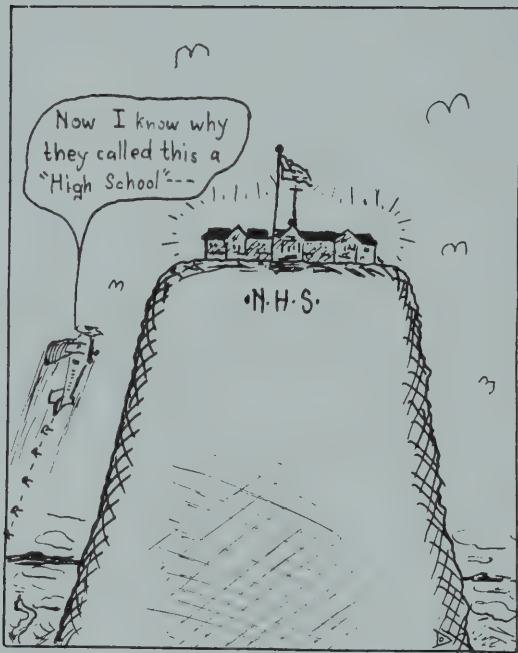
Mary Burns, Jeffrey Carre, Betty Gillis, Lowell Kingsley, James McCracken, Irene Prior, Richard Schmalz, Mary Trudeau.

## SOPHOMORES

Paul Bassett, Frances McKean, Ruth McKean, John Nye, Hollis Paegel.

## POST GRADUATES

Dorothy Foster, Russell Greenhood,



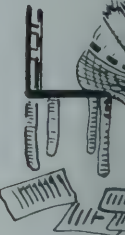
-LUNCH-



In Geometry Any one



TWAS THE  
BEFORE  
AND ALL THE  
TIE HO



Lloyd's irresistible 'Ovid'

Going to an Eng. test at about 11:02 A.M. (ANTE MORTEM)



Coming from at 12:01 P.M.







GRIFFIN



Football  
Referee



HEY MISTER CLAXTON !!!  
HOW DO I GET DOWN ??

PRICE ART!



Guess  
Who



8:15  
M.B.

aid Eng. Test  
ST MORTEM)



Schmaltz



C.E. Benton's Idea  
of Mae West.



A TWENTIETH CENTURY KNIGHT





## “Seventeen”

The class of 1935 made a really admirable choice for its senior play. It presented “Seventeen,” the dramatic adaption of Booth Tarkington’s well-known book by that name. Almost everyone is familiar with the trials and tribulations of the inimitable Willie Baxter in his conquest of the charming Lola Pratt in this amusing and exceedingly realistic story. The fact that the story was so well-known drew many people who wished to see how it would be portrayed by the students.

In choosing a play, the committee endeavored to select a presentation with a comparatively large cast, in order that there would be an opportunity for more people to take part, and they succeeded, for “Seventeen” has a cast of fourteen characters. An excellent choice of cast was made, many of the actors having previously distinguished themselves in home room programs. New talent was unearthed which we never dreamed existed.

The cast, under the capable direction of Miss Churchill, did a remarkably fine piece of work. In addition to the excellent portrayals of William Buckley and Betty Griffin,

as the hero and heroine, we consider that fine work was done by Lloyd Bigelow as Mr. Baxter; and by Barbara Blake as May Parcher, at whose house Lola Pratt comes to visit. Gensis, the comical dandy, and Jane Baxter, Willie’s pesky little sister, were amusingly acted by George Beale and Betty Brett respectively.

The complete cast of characters was as follows:

<i>Mrs. Baxter</i> .....	Charlotte Boyer
<i>William Sylvanius Baxter</i> ..	William Buckley
<i>Mr. Baxter</i> .....	Lloyd Bigelow
<i>Joe Bullitt</i> .....	Roger Stanwood
<i>Genesis</i> .....	George Beale
<i>Johnnie Watson</i> .....	Russell Allen
<i>George Cooper</i> .....	Charles Stata
<i>Mr. Parcher</i> .....	Philip Farnham
<i>Wallie Banks</i> .....	William Carpenger
<i>Jane Baxter</i> .....	Elizabeth Brett
<i>Lola Pratt</i> .....	Betty Griffin
<i>May Parcher</i> .....	Barbara Blake
<i>Ethel Boke</i> .....	Hilda Lane
<i>Mary Brooks</i> .....	Elizabeth Smith

To the coach and the cast we extend our sincere congratulations for the success of the production.

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### GIRLS’ GLEE CLUB

All those who have heard the musical voices coming from the Auditorium during organization period on Mondays will agree that Miss Titcomb has selected a group of splendid voices for the Girls’ Glee Club.

This organization is now well under way with its director, Miss Titcomb, who has some excellent plans for the future.

### THE BOYS’ GLEE CLUB

One of the groups vital to our school activities is the Boys’ Glee Club. Under the direction of Mr. Pollard, able boys will sing at several important school functions during the year. They have already proved their ability at Parents’ night and later will give an operetta, combined with the Girls’ Glee Club. Accompanied by Jean Davidson they will sing at the Boys’ Gym Meet and at some of our regular Monday morning assemblies.

## Assembly Programs

Do you know how to manage your money? Many students who had never given the matter much thought were brought to with a jolt by the emphatic words of Mr. A. L. Brown of the American Association for Economic Education, in the Assembly hall one Monday morning. In a rousing speech he pointed out that a large percentage of people reaching the age of seventy were unable to care for themselves simply because in their youth they had not managed their money well. Mr. Brown maintained that the use of money should be taught in all schools, as it already is in some. So, who knows, within the next five years we may be learning money management here in Needham High. It sounds like a good idea.

Tender sighs were mingled with frequent outbursts of laughter in the assembly hall as François Villon, romantic poet-rogue of the fifteenth century, now defied King Louis, now made love to the lovely Katharine. These characters and many others were adeptly portrayed by our much esteemed friend, Mr. Hines, in the rollicking comedy-drama "A King for a Week." Students always look forward to Mr. Hines' visit to Needham High School, for they are always sure of fine entertainment. He delivers his readings in such a finished manner that each character stands apart from the others and is in itself a glowing portrayal.

Hail Gus Rooney, head of the sports department of the Herald-Traveler! That energetic gentleman entertained us on October 8, with a glowing account of his work, which certainly banished Monday morning blues. Beside telling of his experiences in the field of sports, Mr. Rooney went into the subject of reporting, which was especially

interesting to pupils with aspirations in that direction. We feel that this sort of talk is very worthwhile in that it throws light on a field of activity which may help students to choose a future vocation.

"Glimpses of Kangaroo Land" was the subject of a lecture given by the noted explorer, Stanley Osborn. Mr. Osborn compared features of Australia and the United States, and showed us some of the scenic wonders of his native land by means of a large assortment of colored lantern slides. He gave us a brief history of Australia and also of New Zealand and mentioned the progress Australia had made, since it was first settled by English political prisoners in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His talk was finished by a description of New Zealand and a discussion of its importance in the South Pacific.

Blue Monday was turned into a very happy one on October twenty-ninth by the Emerson Players from the Emerson School of Expression, who entertained us with a series of amusing plays. The first was a comedy entitled "The Bathroom Door"; the second, a light comedy called "Red Carnations"; and the third and last, a farcical melodrama, "Winsome Winnie." We all more than enjoyed this program, for the players put on an excellent performance, and we hope that we shall be able to see and hear them again at some future date.

In view of the fact that it was Education Week we had on Monday, November 5, an inspiring talk on "Problems in Learning." The speaker was Professor Howard A. Kingsley, professor of psychology at Boston University; and he kept us all absorbed in his worthwhile advice, which was sprinkled here and there with touches of humor.



On November 19, the famous story of William Tell was dramatized in the form of a motion picture. The fact that the scenes were filmed in Switzerland in the very spot where history tells us the event took place, made it interesting as well as educational. Music from the opera William Tell accompanied the production which was enjoyed by all.

On November 26, we were entertained in the Assembly Hall by Mr. Pollard, who sang several pleasing ballads. Among these were the well-known "Road-ways", and "Me and My Little Banjo", which always delights the students. Mr. Pollard was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Pollard.

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## N. H. S. Through A Keyhole

The old eavesdropper has been doing some snooping around lately and he's got a lot of dope for those of you who care to lend yo' ears:

We thought that Needham High had its share of feminine charm and beauty but this year finds a new flock entering its walls, and have they got the boys running around circles! "Jinny" Gately and Barbara Clark have created quite a furore—not to mention a certain dynamic new sophomore who lives on Great Plain Avenue, and Hope Timmerman seems to have won the loyal devotion of one of our rugged Juniors.

Students still push and shove to get at the corner blackboard in Miss Appel's room, where the word games, so popular last year, still hold sway.—It is rumored that Miss Sawyer will go into seclusion at the end of the year to recuperate from the effects of the German III class.—We all are wondering where Miss Churchill got the Napoleonic hat.—Information about a certain club known as the Question Mark Club is hard to get, but we understand that despite opposition, the organization is very active.

Dan Cupid is still lurking around the corridors. Peggy and "Bernie" seem to have hit it off pretty well. Teddy Murphy, that

old Romeo of the Senior class, has succumbed to the charms of a certain devastating Sophomore (guess who?) His bosom pal, "Gig," has deserted the fair sex in Needham, and is seen on the road to Welles'ey occasionally. It is reported that there are several heart-broken damsels in the school as a result of this. And Roberta is looking unhappy now that Tex has moved to Providence.—We understand that Cupid is active in the Sophomore class, but perhaps they're shy, so we'll spare their feelings—this time.

Far be it from us to disparage our great football team, but even the bribe of a shore dinner for every member, offered by Mr. Claxton if they completed the season without losing a game, failed to make them win the Natick game. Oh, well, perhaps they weren't hungry.—Neal Jacobs has a hard time holding his own with a girl in the lunchroom. But Lloyd Bigelow—ah, there's a popular gentleman! Every noon without fail a group of charming girls flocks around him in the lunchroom, while their idol holds a professional Latin class.

Well, the old eavesdropper feels the call of the keyhole ringing in his ears, so you'll have to wait until another issue for more news.

## LIBRARY CLUB

The first meeting of the Library Club, which operates under the able supervision of Miss Sawyer, was held on September 10. The officers were elected as follows: Hazel Chamberlain, president; Phyllis LaCoste, vice-president; and Thelma Carter, secretary. The organization is doing fine work. It is they who keep the books in order and arrange the attractive bulletin boards in the library. This work is very helpful for those girls who intend taking up library work as a future occupation.

## S. A. A. DANCE

The annual Student Activity Association Dance, given November 23, was an unusual success this year. A great many attended, and they all had a very good time. The Paul St. Regis Orchestra furnished music, with Arthur Owens singing the vocal numbers. Punch and cookies were served as refreshments. The decorations consisted of banners.

## LEADERS' CLUB

The Leaders' Club has started off with a bang this year. From its 32 members the squad leaders for each gym class are chosen, and we all have had our chance at refereeing hockey. Betty Church was elected captain of this group.

## DEBATING CLUB

The Needham High School Debating Club got under way for another successful season on October twenty-ninth, with thirteen prospective members present. The officers for the coming year were chosen as follows: Andrew Rosenberg, president; Gilbert Tougas, vice-president; and Ruth McKean, secretary. Mr. Benton has been in touch with the United States Society in Washington and the club may expect help from that source.

There are no definite plans as yet for debates with other schools, but in view of last year's successful debate with Attleboro, it is probable that there will be more such debates this year.

## A RUFUS

*Ann Winter, '35*

Rufus était un petit chien  
Qui avait des yeux tristes;  
Mais ils savait toujours fait bien  
Comment nous faire sourire.

Il était toujours dans malheur  
En mangeant des mouchoirs;  
Et il aimait pour son bonheur  
A tourmenter le chat.  
Rufus était un bon ami,  
Et je regrette qu' il est parti.

## ALUMNI

The class of '34 certainly has developed a sudden desire for knowledge since it left high school. About forty of its members are "carrying on" at other schools and colleges. They carried on at Needham High, too, if you remember. Very few of its members are working, either because of the depression, or a bad habit acquired all through school.

Here's what has happened to the last class to graduate:—

Three-quarters of last year's track team is at Boston University—yes, Raleigh Glynn. If his work there continues at its present high standard, he will be on the honor list. Marjorie Butler and "Ruthie" Gordon are also there. Two more of our last year's track team, "Gallopings Louis" Gilbert and "Curt" Herring, are B. U. men.

Dartmouth has claimed "Bill" Lansberg; he is up there peddling eats in the Commons. We suppose that he's slaying all the profs, but we haven't heard.

If "Bob" Gage reads this, please come back from Mass. State and keep an eye on K. J.

The class president, "Lennie" D'Addesio, and "Fat" Litchfield are at Bentley Night School, and both are working, also. More power to you, boys.

Marjorie Burr is flashing those bright eyes (ah, me!) up at Framingham Normal. (We've noticed a general exodus from Needham on Saturday nights.)

Jean Foresman won a fine scholarship to Chandler's; Betty Hubbell is there, too, trying hard to keep "Fuzzy" tamed down a bit. Some job, I'll say!

"Marty" Kimball, Helen Decatur and "Ev" Dallachie are all in at Miss Pierce's in Boston. If you ever want a good secretary, remember these three.

The Right Hon. Sir "Eddie-the-Poet" Tribble, Esq., has tucked his genius away in the hills at Vermont Academy. His other half (they both claim to be the better half), "Carki" Tracy, is a football hero at New Hampton. If the "Anti-Woman League" has started yet, boys, drop me a line.

Phyllis Bartlett is at Miss Wheelock's in Boston. (Maybe Owens plans to start school over again, so he can be in her kindergarten class.) Phyllis handled this column last year, and has helped us to write it this year.

"Looky" Allen is up at Westbrook Junior College in Maine. (And we're not going to tell what "Remmy" is doing down here in Needham.)

The famous orator, Edgar Butters, is at Rutgers. The other students are now equipped with shovels.

Isabel Rector, second only to Edgar for word-mileage at the high school, is at Massachusetts School of Art.

"Ralphie" Glidden is a "rook" at Norwich University. He's filling a football uniform for them, too—looks as if Needham High missed a trick there.

Thelma Goodwin and "Gracie"—I don't need to give her last name—are at the Cambridge Hospital. I'll bet a lot of Needham fellows will go to Harvard next year.

Marian Russell is at Bradford Junior College. Write a letter to the "Advocate," Marian, and tell us how things are going.

We're not sure, but we think that "Blushing-Ozzie" Osgood is at Exeter Academy. Wherever he is, that "boiler" of his is undoubtedly with him.

"Bill" Hanson is at the Norfolk County Agricultural School. "Harry" Leach is at Bowdoin, and "Stervie" Brandt is attending Wentworth Institute. Margery Green is at Mt. Holyoke.



"Bob" Slack, "the man on the flying trapeze," is at Huntington. Can you do a one-handed, back giant-swing now, "Bob"?

Although we expected him to be a gigolo, "Kenney" Jones is studying earnestly at Northeastern.

Betty Holbrook is at the swanky "House in the Pines." We aren't privileged to read *those* letters, Betty, so send a letter to the "Advocate" and tell us all about your school—and yourself.

We have plenty of P. G.'s this year: "Kenney" Birkett, "Curt" Blake, Henry Childs, "Dada" Cronin, Ethel Hewett, "Dot" Rodgers, Elsie Tabor, Marjorie Waining, Frances Willgoose, "Rusty" Greenhood (and how!), Rita Johnson, Chilla Kennett, Barbara Lane, "Al" Lansberg, "Ed" Nichols, Margaret Ruane, "Fred" Shuker, "Henny" Silsby, and "Monkey" Wallace. "Arty" Owens, the perennial student, couldn't break away so suddenly from Miss Fessenden and Miss Sawyer, after so many years together, so he is back, too. "Davie" Small is taking a P. G. at Boston Latin.

Cupid worked overtime on the class of '34. Doris Shaw, Barbara Brooks, Ruth Brooks, Betty Fay and Mildred Geyer are now married. Many others are engaged. We won't give this as a fact, but we hear that Ralph Seidenberg, of crooning fame, has taken a running jump, too. This class does everything in a big way!

Betty Rosenkrans, "Dot" Acheson, Doris Morgan and "Stan" Thornley are working now. "Ellie" Snow, the girl with everyone else's boy-friend, has jumped right into a dandy position in Boston. It must be that smile, "Ellie!"

Here's a little news of older alumni. '33—"Dot" Gillis is at Massachusetts School of Art. "Betty" Gilbert is working at the Christian Science Publishing House. Mary Willett has settled down at Mt. Holyoke, and Clare "Sturdy" Sturtevant at Simmons. Commut-

ing didn't agree with "Phyl" Brown, so she is living at the Tri Delta Sorority at B. U. "Howie" Cole, the man about town, and "Genie" Gordon both went from Hebron to Colgate University this year. "Dick" Warren is at Yale, and his side-kick, "Tommy" Murphy, is now attending B. U. "Brud" Dearing played on the freshman football team at Bowdoin. Congratulations, "Brud!" Royal Abbott, with all A's, tied for first honors at Dartmouth, and will be seminar lecturer in chemistry and physics this year. "Cagle" Niden is at Ohio State, and his "twin," Minot Boyce, is at Tennessee. "Joe" Gould is at Middlesex Medical College. Neal Jacobs, after a year at Harvard, is back as a P. G.

Roger Hadley, '31, is the captain of the Northeastern track team. Lucian Drury, '32, at Brown, has been awarded preliminary honors for his good work in the past two years. He is also assistant manager of the Brown band, and a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity.

"Bob" Day, '29, and "Ray" Sanders, '29, graduated last year from Northeastern. Day was on the varsity track and basketball teams. Sanders is now attending Babson Institute.

Charles Montague Johnson, now in Wellesley, Mass., has been awarded a scholarship at the Carnegie Institute of Technology by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. The announcement was made at exercises held in commemoration of the birthday of the founder, Andrew Carnegie. Johnson is a junior in mechanical engineering at Carnegie Tech.

Well, that's all the news we can think of; so we'll have to sign off now. If we haven't got your name in this time, or if we listed you incorrectly, write a letter to the "Advocate" and tell us where you are and what we should have said. Write a letter to us anyhow, and let us know how you're getting along in the wide, wide world.



# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL

The past football season was one of the longest from the point of view of games played. The complete schedule included eleven contests, eight of which were played on our home field, and the remaining three were played out of town.

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Needham 6                      Medway 6

Needham entertained a smart, fast Medway eleven in the first game of the season.

The game proved none too promising as our boys lacked the necessary drive and appeared weak both offensively and defensively. Medway scored first on a power play from the three yard line. The only Needham offensive drive was started at the beginning of the third period. It ended in a touchdown as a result of a forward pass from Chambers to Shaldone. Needham's attempt for the point failed.

---

Needham 14                      Walpole 0

A completely revised Needham team met a strong Walpole aggregation in their next encounter.

The game had not progressed three minutes before the Needham team had scored its first touchdown. Chambers took to the air at the beginning and completely baffled the Walpole team. It was as the result of one of these passes that Shaldone crossed the Walpole goal line for the touchdown. The same combination converted the point afterward, to make the score 7-0 in favor of Needham. Late in the second period Needham again penetrated deep into Walpole territory, but lost the ball on downs. Walpole attempt-

ed a punt at this point, which was blocked by "Tom" Marselli, our deserving guard, who fell upon the ball over the goal line for our second tally. Nigro rushed the extra point, and the half found Needham out in front 14-0.

During the rest period Walpole seemed to gather itself together and played stubborn ball all through the remaining half. The game cannot be reviewed without some words of praise for Walpole's stellar quarterback, who played a most brilliant game, both offensively and defensively. The game ended with Needham unable to score again.

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Needham 0                      Abington 7

A heavy Abington High team waded through a mud-soaked field to triumph over a stubborn Needham eleven, 7-0.

The game was played under very discouraging conditions for our local boys. The field was a sea of mud and favored the heavy Abington team, which concentrated on power plays. The first score came in the early minutes of the game. Ross, Abington's power driver, waded across the undistinguishable last white line for the score. He also added the point. The remainder of the game was a nip and tuck affair. In the closing minutes Needham was deep in the Green territory, only to be stopped when Abington tightened.

The defensive work of "Copper" Nye was evident throughout the game.

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Needham 13                      Lexington 0

Needham travelled to Lexington to engage against the Lexington High aggregation.

The game was not far under way when a





completed pass from Chambers to Shaldone was apparently good for a touchdown, but the play was stopped by the referee's whistle, and a penalty was given to Needham. The first half ended with neither team scoring.

The Blue and White jersey boys drove Lexington against their goal line as the third period ended. The final period is a vivid memory to all. Sherman kept driving down the field to go finally over from the 7 yard line for the first score. While Needham was on its way for the second touchdown, Sherman was tackled for a loss, and, to make it emphatic, the Lexington tackler gave a little kick to Frank's midsection. Upon this act Sherman tossed the ball at the offender, and to everyone's surprise, it hit him in the face. The Lexington player retaliated with another kick of acknowledgment. Immediately, the fiery Shaldone, was upon the player with both fists flying, and both teams became engaged in a battle royal. When the smoke cleared, Marselli was on the ground with a slight nose injury he had suffered while innocently watching the encounter. Both leading contestants were excused for the remainder of the game. When play was again resumed, Needham crossed the Lexington goal line just at the closing minutes. Hasenfus was the scorer, and he also added the point after. The game ended a few minutes later to the advantage of all concerned.

---

Needham 0                      Dedham 0

The annual holiday game with Dedham was staged on our home field before a large Columbus Day attendance.

The game, which was played during a strong wind, became a kicking duel between George Hasenfus, Needham's able kicker, and Hazard of Dedham. The Red and Gray machine threatened to gain near the close of the first half, but a dropped pass with a clear field ahead took away a great deal of the "last drive" spirit. The beginning of the second half found Needham opening up on its offensive drive, and as a result, they forced

themselves deep into Dedham territory only to be stopped within the 10 yard stripe. The remainder of the game was of mediocre interest.

---

Needham 13                      Milton 0

A determined Needham squad invaded Milton to engage in a game with a much favored Milton team.

The first half produced a front of deceptive football by both teams. Early in the second quarter Sherman ran through the weak side of our line and had perfect blocking every yard of the 78 he ran down the field. In the third quarter, after a sustained drive, Needham was under the shadow of the Crimson and White goal line. Sherman again drove through the center of the Milton forward wall to give us our second touchdown, and also added the point.

In the final quarter our backs were brought down in several instances by Milton's scrappy quarterback, who was responsible for keeping the score at 13-0.

---

Needham 18                      Braintree 0

With the Blue and White machine rolling along the current season with an impressive record, it added another victory by defeating Braintree.

Sherman again carried the honors in view of the fact that he scored all 18 points. The first score came when a poor punt by Braintree put Needham on its opponent's 10 yard marker. Sherman in three rushes scored from the 4 yard line. The remainder of the first half found Needham deep in Braintree territory.

Soon after the opening of the second half, Needham again drove across from the 6 yard line to boost our total to 12 points. George Hasenfus intercepted a Braintree pass and ran to Braintree's 12 yard line, where from this point Sherman went across for the final score. A great amount of praise should go to the team as a whole for opening the holes through which Sherman romped.

Natick 20

Needham 0

A fast, smart, Natick eleven scored 3 touchdowns in the first half before Needham could collect itself and check the attack.

The first Natick score came when the Blue and Red swept the right end from the 12 yard line. Carckery added the extra point. Needham received the kick off and drove steadily deep into Natick territory. An attempted pass was thrown at this point, which never reached the intended Needham receiver, being intercepted by Ortenze of Natick, who raced 90 yards to score. The point was successful. The final score came when Nye signalled for a fair catch only to misjudge the ball, which was immediately downed by our opponents on the 8 yard line. Fitzgerald scored from this position. The point after was not successful and the score was Natick 20, Needham 0.

The second half was a different story with Needham battling on even terms with Natick, but they could not threaten the early scores.

---

 Needham 0      North Attleboro 0

The Red and White machine came to Needham with its goal line uncrossed and a most impressive offensive record.

The first half found Needham battling on even terms with this smooth running combination. A touchdown was almost received by North Attleboro, only to be called back for an offside penalty.

In the closing half the opponents advanced the ball down into Needham territory, only to be stopped by a stubborn Needham defense. On this last drive by North Attleboro our boys put on a final surge for the uncrossed goal line. They opened up a beautiful offensive drive, only to have a pass intercepted in the shadow of the goal posts.

The game ended a few minutes later with only praise for both teams. /

---

 Needham 6

Concord 13

Our boys suffered a set back prior to their Thanksgiving Day game. Concord was the opposition and proved too powerful for our representatives.

Flannery, flashy quarterback, circled our left end for the first score and added the

point. Needham was held on the 2 yard line for three rushes as the half ended.

Concord added six more points in the third period when our right end was circled for the score. Needham's offensive attack clicked too late and just fell short of a second touchdown after Sherman had scored from the 3 yard line.

The loss gave our team a record of 4 wins, 3 ties, and 3 losses with the Wellesley game next.

---

 Needham 0      Wellesley 13

The annual rivalry between Needham and Wellesley was resumed on Memorial Park. The comparison of the two teams' seasonal records favored Needham by a wide margin.

Needham kicked off, and Wellesley tried a few plays but was forced to kick. The ball bounded and hit George Hasenfus, who was blocking a man; immediately it became a free ball, and Wellesley recovered on the 30 yard line. Needham was in possession of the ball late in the first period. G. Hasenfus dropped back in kick formation. The ball was passed but never left his foot, as it was blocked by the opponent's ends and recovered also by Wellesley. From this point Wellesley made a first down, and with fourth down and six yards to go for a first down, Lowell passed to Ferriole, who scored. The extra point was added on a triple reverse.

The second half was well under way when Captain Ferriole intercepted a Needham lateral pass and ran 53 yards to score the final touchdown.

Needham was completely outplayed and Wellesley has added another victory to its Thanksgiving Day history book.

#### THE LETTER MEN

Capt. Scrima	A. Hazard
J. Chambers	A. Andruckovich
G. Hasenfus	G. Schroeder
W. Hasenfus	I. Gallagher
L. Nigro	L. Woodward
L. Nye	T. Marselli
P. Lumsden	B. Anderson
T. Shaldone	P. Condryn
W. Kennedy	F. Sherman
G. Toney	

## Girls' Hockey

The Sophomores certainly responded to the "pep" talks given by the Seniors earlier in the year, for they led with 44 girls out for hockey. They chose Ruth McKean Captain. The Seniors, captained by Riva Rossi, came next with 32; and the Juniors, led by Florence Pandolf, were not far behind, having 31 out. The Varsity team of 36 ambitious hockey players were captained by their formidable fullback, Riva Rossi, and capably managed by Janet Lyon. Janet has acquired the knack of cutting oranges, and she is quite used to getting her hands covered with white paint which is originally intended for the balls.

The Seniors won the class tournament by defeating the Sophomores with the close score of 3-2. As soon as they started to play, it started to snow, and we found out who could stand on their feet and whose hair was naturally curly. The Seniors defeated the Juniors and they, in turn, defeated the Sophomores.

Now for the Gym Class games. Mary Calabrese led her "all star" 3rd period team to a 5-1 victory over the 6th period in the finals. The third period won last year, too. It must be the time of day. The Captains of the 6 periods are as follows: Lucy D'Adesio, Harriet Moddie, Mary Calabrese, Margueritte Hubbs, Rachel Thorpe, and Susan Loomis.

Lady Luck was with us this year, for we broke only one hockey stick.

---

Needham 0                      Brookline 2

Upon arrival at Brookline for the first game of the season, the varsity squad were quite worried; for, on what, last year, had been the hockey field, were several trucks. But soon the trucks moved, the officials and the Brookline players arrived, and the Second Team game started—and ended with no

score. The first team, too, with the added inspiration of Miss Rowe's stick and juicy oranges, could not seem to get around the husky Brooklineites. So the score was 2-0 for Brookline. And to cap the climax, we arrived at our bus to find the starter broken. But soon we rolled homeward in a new bus.

---

Sophs 3                      Wellesley 6

Despite the excellent hockey weather our Sophomore team suffered defeat from the Wellesley Sophs to the tune of 6-3. Maybe they needed Miss Rowe's famous "3 goal" stick. The second team tied—1-1.

---

Needham 2                      Waltham 0

On a cold Friday afternoon in October our varsity squad faced an imposing looking team from Waltham, and all they did during the first half was dirty a nice white ball. But during the second half the team began to "click" and the two inners, Betty Colburn and Mary Calabrese, proved themselves stars, each shooting a goal. The second team did not do much of anything except hit the ball out of bounds, and they gloried in their second scoreless tie.

---

Wellesley 1                      Needham 0

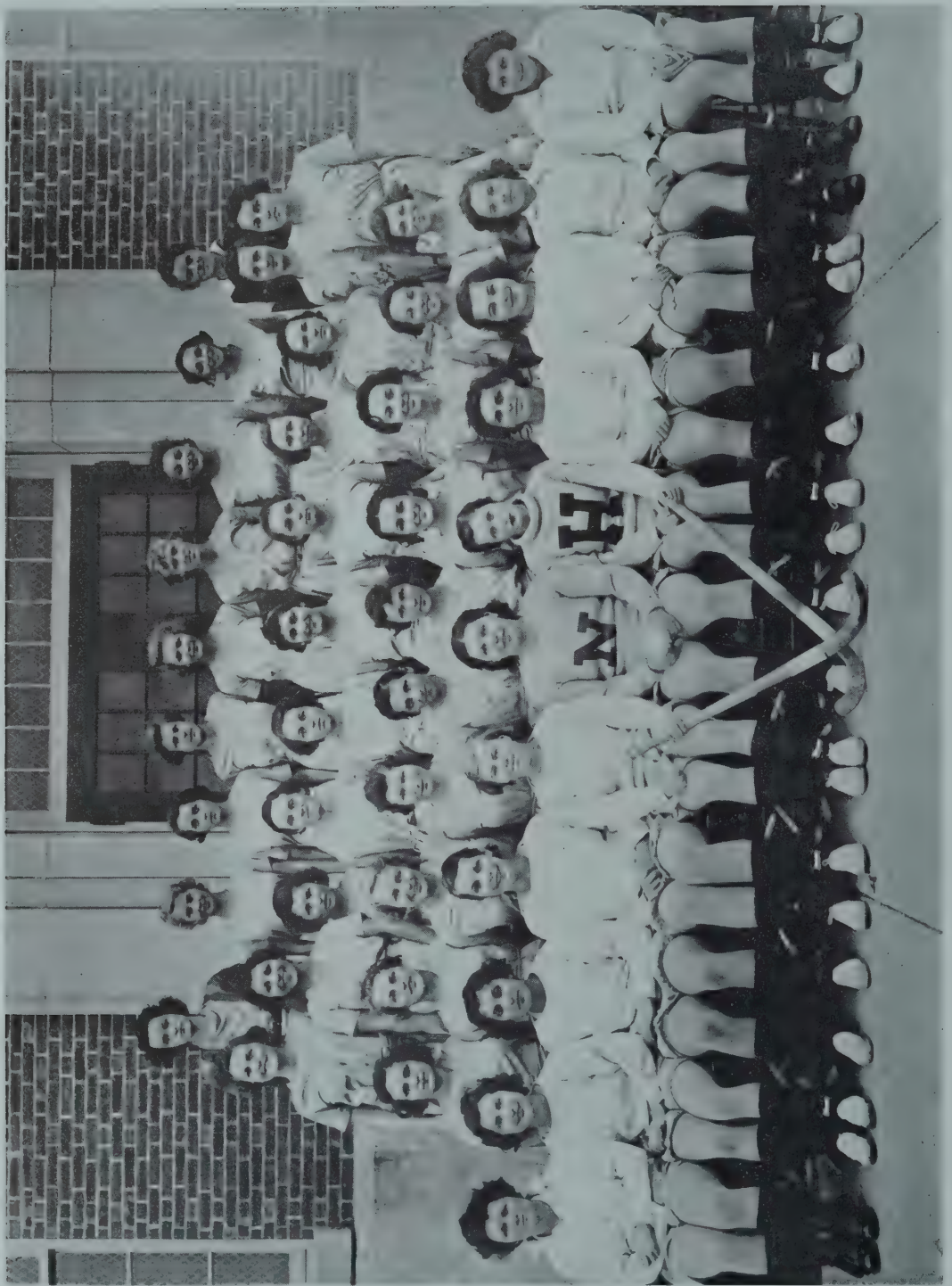
Our ancient rivals seemed to pull the wool over our eyes and scored a goal during the second half of an exciting game. But the second team turned the tables, and, with Antoinette Tomaino responsible, won, 1-0. Perhaps that was because of our mascot, a dark brown pup, twelve inches long, named Cocoa. She chewed up a cookie box in her excitement when we scored.

---

Newton 2                      Needham 0

The last game of the season was, although we were defeated, a moral victory. Rather disgusted by a goal made on an uncalled foul, our warriors let one more ball slip by. But the laughs were on the Newton team. They could not stand up, even though it was their home field. A bright orange





tunic could be seen on the ground almost any time during the game. We even gave them a black eye. The second team also lost 2-1, with Ann Winter scoring our only goal.

Needham 2                      Alumnae 0

Despite the prevalent showers the night before, the varsity arrived on time one Saturday morning to find only one of the alumnae team. But we soon managed to scare up enough to make a team, and an exciting game started on a slippery field. During the first half each team would have made a goal had the goalposts not been there. But in the second half our wing, Susan Loomis, scored two goals. Betty Church, who was playing right halfback for the first time, could not get the balls to roll on roll-ins. But she saved the game several times by taking the ball away from "Olly" Hasenfus. We all worked hard and deserved our oranges.

On December 1, three of our star hockey players, Betty Church, Riva Rossi, and Florence Pandolf went to Newton where the National Hockey Tournament was held. There, teams were made up from the one hundred girls present from nearby schools, and they played with advanced coaching. This was excellent experience and Miss Pandolf will be able to give next year's team several pointers.

#### GIRLS WHO RECEIVED NUMERALS

1937

Atkinson	Gallagher	O'Connor, M. E.
Allen	Ghidoni	O'Connor, M. C.
Beevers	Godfrey	Parker
Bejoian	Grasso	Pfeifer
Calitri	Hagan	Pollard
Carpenger	Hobbs	Rodgers
Church	Marshall	Seinczuk
Cole	McKean, R.	Sturtevant
Crisp	McKean, F.	Tarabelli
Crowell	McNeilly	Thomas
Donald	Minkovitz	Tomaino
Doyle	Montague	Trow
Dyer	Mulherin	Turner
Eastman	Nichols	Wilkinson
Foley		

1936

Jensen	Mooney	Mowll
Keefe	Mowll	O'Connell

1935

Gately

The following girls received their N. H. S. insignia for having received five sets of numerals:

Barbara Blake	Evelyn Anderson
Elinor Bowker	Betty Colburn

#### VARSITY GAMES

Date	Place	Opponent	Winner	Score	Scorer
Oct. 19	Brookline	Brookline	1st—Brookline	0-1	
			2nd—Tied	0-0	
Nov. 2	Needham	Waltham	1st—Needham	2-0	B. Colburn
			2nd—Tied	0-0	M. Calabrese
Nov. 9	Needham	Wellesley	1st—Wellesley	0-1	
			2nd—Needham	1-0	A. Tomaino
Nov. 15	Newton	Newton	1st—Newton	0-1	
			2nd—Newton	1-2	A. Winter



## CHEER LEADERS

The following girls received letters for  
Hockey:

## 1st Team

Bond, L.  
Calabrese, M.  
Church, B.  
Colburn, B.  
Leland, E.  
Loomis, S.  
Moccio, M.  
Moodie, H.  
O'Connor, A.  
Pandolf, F.  
Rossi, R., Captain  
Seinczuk, S.  
Lyon, J., Manager

## 2nd Team

Anderson, E.

Bowker, E.  
Boyer, B.  
Clark, J.  
D'Addesio, L.  
Ghidoni, R.  
Gilpatrick, R.  
Keogh, K.  
Merrill, J.  
Mowll, M.  
Mowll, M.  
Nye, B.  
Perry, P.  
Sostilio, L.  
Spicer, M.  
Stewart, M.  
Tomaino, A.  
Tomaino, E.  
Winter, A.





# HUMOR

## SCHOOL FEVER

(With apologies to John Masefield)

GEORGE TONEY, '36

I must back to the school again, to the school  
on the top of the hill,  
And all I ask are passing marks, my report  
card to fill,  
And good teachers, easy lessons, and fun  
when the day is over,  
And the courage, skill, and caution it takes to  
escape that rubber-heeled rover.

### THE STRONG ROMANS

Goodwin, translating in Latin I: "The Romans carry horses."

Mr. Frost, lecturing: "Remember—first the leaves blush, then they turn yellow, and that's the beginning of the fall"—Miss Burkell had forgotten the answer to a question.

Mr. Frost—having hard time to get reply from class: "Watch out, if you touch a live wire, it's liable to shock."

Miss Trudeau to Mr. Frost: "I spoke to some in the class of '29, and they had never heard of the "Common Sense of the Constitution" book.

Mr. Frost: "Well, they must be some of those that have a pretty good forgetter."

Miss Trudeau: "But one of them was a woman."

## Lost and Found

Lost—At about 8:14 a. m., a Soph, somewhere along the ascent to the school. Will finder please bring him to the nurse's room?

Lost—A horse laugh in the vicinity of the auditorium. Will the unlucky finder please return it to Philip Farnham for he cannot get on without it?

Lost—"Bobby" Lewis, somewhere on the first floor, last seen lurking near "Noppy" Price. Will finder please notify his nurse-maid?

Lost—George Beale, along Harris avenue. It is thought that he was picked up in a car bearing the number plates numbered 18, but we are not sure. Will caretaker kindly look into this matter, as it is important that he be returned at once?

Lost—Somewhere about the school, a book with the title, "Wise Cracks and Jokes." Finder please return it to the U. S. History teacher, as it is feared the course will be a terrible bore if not in the hands of said instructor.

Found—"Bud" Fay matching pennies with the occupant of the house across from his own. Will one of his friends kindly call there and conduct him safely home?

Found—A lunch table of feminine Latin students. Will one of the masculine members of the latin IV class please notify Miss Currie so that time may be saved by conducting classes in the lunch-room between courses?

## GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED!

*Walter Griffin Taylor, '36*

I may be different from others, but when I sit in a chair, I have an exalted feeling, for I realize that all great men have at one time or another (or possibly both) sat in a chair. When I sink down, down, into the downy depths of the easy chair, my dreams (for one does dream under such conditions) are of Anthony reclining on one of Cleopatra's sofas, or of Queen Elizabeth snoring on the pillows of the throne, or of Al Smith lounging in a hotel lobby. And when I am groaning in the antique chair of my neighbor, my thoughts (for one does think at such times) quickly turn to George Washington. Thereupon, new strength comes to me, and I grin and bear it for the rest of the evening, as George must have done many times. In conclusion, I might say that it is my ambition to serve as a chair for a day and be sat on by President Roosevelt. My only regret being that I couldn't have lived in the age when Nero could have sat on me, or even King Henry the VIIIth!

As witnessed at a certain class meeting, the Senior President has yet to learn the difference between adopt and adapt.

A total eclipse occurs daily in Math, class, when "Noppy" inserts his huge form between the class and the blackboard.

Dear Miss Fessenden:

Do you remember that when a child you wore that little red dress, with a white pique collar, white pique cuffs and a white pique belt?

A certain red-head in a certain gym period was playing hockey one day in October, when a would-be treacherous dog stole away a bit of blue from her costume.

## A ROMANTIC BALLAD

*HILDA LANE, '35*

Prisetta loved a handsome lad  
Whose eyes were beautiful brun  
She liked to go a-sparking  
Beneath the summer moon.

Then Brown-Eyes met a tres belle femme  
With hair of dizzy jaune  
He fell in love with her first sight  
And claimed her for his own.

Prisetta wept et cried "La-la,"  
And spoiled her pretty yeux  
But all those tears, they could not make  
Brown-Eyes go back to her.

Sa fury knew no maigre bounds  
She grabbed un fusil mal  
Et shot the one who stole her man  
That golden headed gal.

Prisetta landed dans la cache  
Son amour joined la guerre  
So ends the tragedy which came  
From sparkling eyes et yellow hair.

Cheering in the auditorium has been fine this year. The Seniors wonder how the present Juniors, Sophomores, and Ninth Graders can possibly get along next year without them, whose lusty voices make most of the racket. They do hope, however, that you will be able to sit down during part of the cheering next year.

Cheer up! The little blue and tan football megaphones will be given away next year. Aren't you lucky?

My! how quickly bad news descends upon us. Two issues of report cards have been received already.

Miss Currie: "Well, what's the matter now?"

Miss MacDonald (struggling with Latin translation): "I can't hear Betty Griffin."

Miss Harrington: "Where is the cover of your book?"

Cringing Student: "I forgot to change it from my Latin book."

Miss Currie: "What is the verb in this sentence?"

Anderson: "Cònsulibus, no, diu. Oh, I know—campo!"

Miss Currie: "No,—est."

Anderson: "Oh yes, of course! It would have to be!"

There is a very brilliant boy in the Sophomore class. He is ready to write a geometry book, having made up a proposition of his own. But wait! Has it been heard by Miss Fessenden?

My, aren't the people who take Latin IV lucky? Why, they've learned about astronomy, and many curious things about how the world was formed. But don't be jealous, Virgil is yet to come.

The seniors are taking good care of the post graduates this year. They were transferred from the first floor because the sophomores might forget to set them a good example.

A certain sophomore asked a certain senior why they voted for the play "Seventeen." The reply was, "We would rather act our own age, for in a few years we shall have to grow up so quickly."

The sophomores are getting along famously in Geometry. The other day most of them were able to recite, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!"

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